

# The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

by Noble15

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Summary: A story about a spartan and a marine who are great friends who go on missions and may or may not befriend an elite along the way.

Warning: the prologue bunched up for some strange reason.

## 1. The Prologue

**\*\*Sorry For The super long wait guys, I've just been improving my writing and gave up on Red and started a new story that I believe is a massive improvement over Red and its about a Spartan II(Alan-191) and a Marine(Chris Valentine(My Great-Great Grandfather's name)) that are great friends going on combat missions and possibly meeting and befriending an Elite. \*Gasp\* However, the Elite thing is still sketchy as I can't come up with any good names for it, so if you could help me with that, I would be very grateful. And without further ado, THE STORY! :P\*\***

# The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

## Prologue

A Spartan, stronger in both mind and body than others due to more aggressive enhancements, surveyed the skirmish before him. A small contingent of Marines were attempting to defend a forward operating base from enemy forces. He then began identifying the enemy forces. A pack of Brutes led by a Chieftain with a Gravity Hammer were the first Covenant forces he spotted. "\_Better not get too close\_." The Spartan mused to himself. He then noticed the groups of Grunts accompanying the Brutes "\_Can't do too much harm, better to take out the big guys first and then these chumps."\_ He remarked rather casually. Suddenly, he heard the signature sound of a Hunter's assault cannon charging and quickly rolled to the side and into cover while the shot hit the ground where he had been standing moments before. "Great, so now they have Hunters, I should warn those marines." However, realizing that alerting the Marines would cause them to focus their fire on the Hunter instead of the Brutes and Grunts which could allow them to be overrun by them. Deciding upon a

course of action, the Spartan primed a grenade, tossed it at one of the Hunters, and pulled out his rocket launcher. "Hmmm, I've only got four shots, better conserve them if I want something powerful to use on that Chieftain." Spotting a forklift and some fusion coils, he decided to lure it near them. Running as fast as he could, he reached the building behind the forklift and fusion coils. As the Hunter neared the objects, he fired off a rocket and detonated the forklift and fusion coils, the combined explosion killed the Hunter rather quickly. He soon had to fight again though, as the other Hunter soon charged at him. He quickly rolled to the side to dodge the attack, and then he jumped on its back and proceeded to rip out a few handfuls of the worms that that composed the Hunter. Then he jumped off and took a moment to watch the Hunter collapse, dead. He then very quickly pulled out his rocket launcher and fired two rockets at the brute Chieftain, which exploded and killed it. The other Brutes immediately singled him out and began firing at him. "Oh crap!" He yelled out as he ran to cover. "That sure pissed them off." He muttered as he pulled out his Assault Rifle. He soon shouldered it and pulled out his rocket launcher as soon as he realized that all the grunts were bunched up together. "Shoot one, get a chain reaction from the nades." He chuckled. He fired the rocket, then took the launcher and threw it at a nearby brute with enough force to kill it. Meanwhile, the rocket had successfully turned the grunts into piles of blood, body parts, and weapons. He then turned to the remaining 5 remaining brutes and pulled out his shotgun, ran up to a captain, and punched his fist through its throat, killing it instantly and splattering its blood everywhere. "Good thing my armor's red, otherwise I'd look a bit odd." He joked to himself. He then ran up to another brute and blasted its skull off with his shotgun. He then disemboweled another brute who decided to come too close with his trusty shotgun. Suddenly, a spike grenade detonated next to him, disorienting him and dropping his shields, allowing a Brute to shoot him with several spiker rounds in his right arm and left leg, causing him to groan in pain and whirl around and blast the offending brute in the face, killing it. He then ran up to another and punched it in the gut with enough strength to disembowel it and then he punched through its throat to end its suffering. He then shouldered his shotgun and limped over to where the marines were and radioed for an evac. While waiting, one of the Marines, specifically a Sergeant, spoke up. "Hey Alan, thanks for the help." "No problem, Chris." The Spartan, now revealed to be Alan-191 responded. The evac arrived within a few minutes and they all boarded the Pelican and headed back to base.

**\*\*Alright, so what did you guys think?\*\***

**\*\*Come on, you know you want to click those little blue words.\*\***

**\*\*Go ahead. Do it.\*\***

## 2. Chapter 1: Relaxation Interrupted

**\*\*Sorry For The super long wait guys, I've just been improving my writing and gave up on Red and started a new story that I believe is a massive improvement over Red and its about a Spartan II(Alan-191) and a Marine(Chris Valentine(Valentine was My Great-Great Grandfather's name)) that are great friends going on combat missions and possibly meeting and befriending an Elite. \*Gasp\* However, the**

Elite thing is still sketchy as I can't come up with any good names for it, so if you could help me with that, I would be very grateful. And without further ado, THE STORY! :p\*\*

The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

Chapter 1: Relaxation&#128|Interrupted

\_1 month later\_

Alan was relaxing on the UNSC Orbital Defense Platform over Earth during a short break in the fighting, as he was doing so, his good friend Chris walked up and greeted him \_"So Alan, did you hear about the Chief infiltrating the Forerunner Dreadnought?" \_Chris inquired. \_"As a matter of fact, yes, yes I have heard about the Chief's mission, quite brave if you ask me. Makes me wish I was out there with him. Oh well, we'll see him soon enough." "Hmm, guess we're probably going to be assigned to help Johnson pick him up when he lands back on Earth aren't we?" \_Chris asked. \_"Yes, we've already been assigned to do so actually. I got the orders this morning." \_Alan stated matter-of-factly \_"Jeez, you Spartans sure get info before us grunts" \_Alan laughed at this, a hearty, resonating laugh. \_"I guess so, but remember, if I could have any squad watch my back on even the most dangerous mission, it would be you and your marines." \_Alan stated in a serious tone. \_"Aww shucks, thanks for the confidence booster." \_Chris said with a hint of glee. \_"No problem, it's a well deserved boost" \_Alan chuckled.

"\_Anyway, we better head over to the food court." "Chris, why do you ALWAYS call it the food court?"\_Alan queried \_"I dunno why, I just do"\_ Chris replied. \_"All right, off to the food court it is." \_Alan said in a merry tone.

\_10 Minutes later\_

Alan and Chris entered the "food court" and quickly made their way to a "food line" as Chris called it and waited for about 3 minutes before receiving their food. As they sat down at a table Chris of course complained about the food. \_"My mom cooks much better turkey than this&#128|.this&#128|this&#128|garbage!" "Hey man calm down, at least its better than the junk served on frigates, trust me on that one." \_Alan said, attempting to calm down his frustrated friend. \_"Well, I'm still going to eat it, but not because it tastes good, it's because I'm hungry." \_Chris muttered as they were eating. \_"Well, I guess nothing too big is happening now that-"Alan\_ was cut off as a voice blared over the intercom. \_"Spartan 191 and Sergeant Valentine report to the bridge." "I guess breakfast is over huh, Alan?" \_Chris jokingly said. \_"Eh, I guess so."\_ Alan replied. \_ "Better not keep the big man waiting before he gets pissed." \_Chris warned as the dynamic duo headed for the bridge.

\_Later, at the bridge\_

"\_Spartan, Sergeant" \_The captain addressed the two men, one wearing a red suit of Mjolnir Mk VI armor and the other wearing standard combat fatigues. \_"Sergeant, you and your team are going to be accompanied by S191 as you assist Sergeant Johnson in locating the Chief. There is most likely going to be a hostile presence in the area so be prepared for a fight. Sergeant, go debrief your squad." "Yes sir." \_Chris replied as he left the bridge. \_"Spartan, your job

is to assist Chris and Johnson in finding the Chief. Understood?"  
"Yes sir." \_Alan replied. \_"Now go prepare yourself, combat drop is in one hour thirty minutes. And Spartan, good luck." \_

"\_Spartans don't need luck sir. We make our own." \_ The Spartan stated. He then walked out of the bridge and to the armory to prepare, making sure to check in on his friend on the way there.

\*\*That was a short oneâ€|.\*\*

\*\*Alright, so what did you guys think?\*\*

\*\*Come on, you know you want to click those little blue words.\*\*

\*\*Go ahead. Do it.\*\*

### 3. Chapter 2:Unlucky Trip

\*\*Sorry For The super long wait guys, I've just been improving my writing and gave up on Red and started a new story that I believe is a massive improvement over Red and its about a Spartan II (Alan-191) and a Marine (Chris Valentine (Valentine was My Great-Great Grandfather's name)) that are great friends going on combat missions and possibly meeting and befriending an Elite. \*Gasp\* The Elite will be introduced in a chapter or two as I finally came up with a semblance of a name, all I need to do is find a way to include him. And without further ado, THE STORY! :p\*\*

The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

#### Chapter 2: Unlucky Trip

Alan, Chris, and a few other marines piled into the pelican with Alan unintentionally taking up a lot of legroom due to his massive frame, even for a Spartan. They were being sent to clear out the area ahead of Sergeant Johnson, The Arbiter, and the Chief. Alan knew, though, that they were being used as a diversion so that the others would have less fire on them. Alan had to admit, he didn't like the idea at all.\_ Hey, orders are orders, and somebody has to do it.\_ He reasoned with himself.

"\_Hey Spartan, think you could take up any more room?" \_ Piped up one of the marines, who Alan recognized as Rico, the demolitions expert from Chris's squad.

"\_Sorry bud, but if you want a powerful super soldier to help save you lazy bums, you better be prepared for all the inconveniences." \_ Was Alan's witty reply. Alan then thought to himself for a moment, \_these marines are comfortable joking with me, a Spartan. I really wish these guys didn't have to see combat. But then again, this is Earth, our last stronghold, our home world, and our last colony, right? Either way, doesn't the Covenant have more guns and troops than us?\_ Alan decided to shrug off the morbid thoughts and decided to keep a light-hearted outlook like the one he's known for.

Chris was contemplating the task that lay before them: Getting into their drop zone without being shot down. \_"There's no way in hell

Command can expect us to make it to the drop zone in one piece!" \_He exclaimed, incredibly frustrated.

"\_Don't worry, we should be alright, especially if we got Trish flying, eh?\_ Was Alan's humorous reply.

"\_WHAT WAS THAT YOU FILTHY MINDED SON OF A-"Trish\_ began to yell.

"\_Nothing! It's just me Alan, saying how awesome you are at flying!" \_Alan yelled, clearly terrified, but of what?

"\_That woman terrifies me more than even The Floodâ€|She is a real demon if you get on her bad side."\_ Alan fearfully stated.

"\_Alan, why are you of all people afraid of her?" \_Chris inquired.

"\_Uh, lets just say she has a reputation of being on the receiving end of many screwed up pick up lines and sex jokes and so she has a habit of somehow beating the crap out of every person she meets at least once."\_Alan replied, still glancing over to the pilot every now and then.

"\_So she's pretty much a badass who's more badass than you?"\_Chris queried.

"\_Hey! That's not fair! I'm a freaking Spartan! Who's more badass than us?\_" Alan exclaimed, his pride slightly bruised.

"\_I'd hate to disturb you boys but we're heading into- Holy hell! We've got Banshees!" \_Trish warned.

"\_AAHH! We're hit! We're going down!"\_ Trish exclaimed.

\_Aw crapâ€|This is gonna hurt. \_ Were Alan's and the others' thoughts before the crash.

**\*\*Alright, so what did you guys think?\*\***

**\*\*Come on, you know you want to click those little blue words.\*\***

**\*\*Go ahead. Do it.\*\***

#### 4. Chapter 3: The Aftermath

**\*\*Sorry For The super long wait guys, I've just been improving my writing and gave up on Red and started a new story that I believe is a massive improvement over Red and its about a Spartan II (Alan-191) and a Marine(Chris Valentine(Valentine was My Great-Great Grandfather's name)) that are great friends going on combat missions and possibly meeting and befriending an Elite. \*Gasp\* Oh, and the Elite's name isâ€|Chui 'Celdumee! And without further ado, THE STORY!**  
:p  
>AN: Due to a very good point that was shown to me I have updated this chapter.\*\*

The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

## The Aftermath

\_10 minutes after the crash\_

"Ugh, my head hurts." Rico, the squad's demolitions expert, moaned. He quickly stood and unholstered his magnum and began limping around the wreckage. \_Pelican sure got shot to pieces\_ Agh! My leg hurts! Where the hell is Alan? \_The Corporal wondered. He continued to limp around until hearing a voice.

"Rico, is that you?" A familiar voice, the Sergeant's resonated through the air.

"Yeah Sarge, it's me." Rico replied, ecstatic that the Sarge was ok.

"Good to hear you, you tough bastard. Could you give me a head count of our Marines and Alan?" Chris asked, a worried tone in his voice.

"Sure, sir. Hmm.. Let's see, we have Richard, Rick, Alex, Sam, Nancy, Leo, Justin, and David are here. Flynn is missing, and we lost Barnes, he was a good kid, and he\_ was impaled by the wreckage\_ what a way to go." Rico stated sadly.

"We'll get his body back to his folks and we'll find Flynn, I promise" Chris replied, also sadly.

"Sarge?" Rico said in a concerned tone.

"Yes, Rico?" Chris replied

"I can't find Alan." Rico admitted.

\*Sigh\* "I guess that means he's either out scouting and setting up a perimeter, or he's\_ dead." Chris stated apprehensively. "I sincerely doubt he would die so easily though. He's always been a lucky bastard." Chris chuckled. "Enough talk, we should get ourselves armed and ready to deal with any threats. Wouldn't want to go down sleeping now would we?"

"No sir, I sure as hell wouldn't!" Rico answered, his heart lifting at the thought of killing more Covy bastards.

\_5 minutes after the crash\_

Alan had woken up quickly and noticed that Barnes had died due to being impaled by the wreckage. He walked over and closed Barnes' eyes. "I'm sorry it had to end like this.." Alan said sadly. He quickly noticed that another of the marines, Flynn, was also awake, and Alan made a decision.

"Flynn, you're with me. We're going to do a little scouting before the others are awake. Got it, Private?" Alan stated.

"Yes sir." Was the reply from Flynn.

They then headed out and quietly made their way through the jungle and noticed several covenant patrols. Then they spotted an

interesting battle. A small Sangheili strike team was fighting off several scores of brutes and grunts and the Sangheili appeared to be losing. Alan and Flynn joined the skirmish and promptly began assisting the elites out of necessity instead of friendliness. At this point however, there were only 2 elites still standing and a pack of brutes left.

Alan promptly began shooting the brutes with his shotgun while Flynn fired his battle rifle. The elites attacked with their swords. Eventually, one of the elites fell after being battered by the chieftain's hammer and was unable to fight. Flynn also suffered an injury; he was shot several times with spiker rounds and was now using his magnum to fend off the brutes. Alan stepped up the pace and began blasting the brutes with even more skill and precision, after a few minutes, he had slain the remainder of the pack. He then turned to Flynn.

"Are you ok marine?" He asked, worried for the poor man.

"I'm hurt bad, real bad.." The marine weakly replied.

"Then there is only one way to secure your honor and my battle-brother's." The elite who was uninjured stated with a hint of arrogance. He then activated his energy swords and impaled Flynn and the other elite.

"NO! You bastard!" Alan yelled.

"What had to be done has been done. Rest easy knowing your pathetic friend has achieved \_some \_honor in his life, \_Demon\_." The elite spat.

"I should kill you for this, but then it would ruin the alliance. You planned this out, didn't you, you sick bastard?" Alan spat in retaliation.

"Planned? I planned nothing, \_Demon\_. Although I would enjoy being the one to end you." The Elite stated, once again full of pride and arrogance.

"I'd gladly tear out your spine, and then bathe in your blood." Alan retorted, the venom and malice in the words sending a chill down the elite's spine.

\_This Demon isâ€¦ different, he has a different mind than the others. I should be careful around him.\_ The elite thought.

"Well, since we are in an alliance, I will have to deal with you for now, come along, split lip." Alan taunted. The elite growled in response.

\_4 hours after crash\_

Several hours had gone by since Chris had organized what was left of his marines, and all the Marines got were small skirmishes as they protected their crash site. All of them had scratches but no major wounds. They still hadn't heard from Alan and were wondering whether he was even alive. But this was about to change.

\_Where the hell are you Alan? You were supposed to get back here

hours ago. Those damn elites better not have attacked you or there will be hell to pay for. Grr.. \_ Chris was fuming.

"Hey Sarge! I think I see something! Its Alan!" David yelled.

"He's got one of them split jawed bastards with him! The nerve of those freaks!" Rico added.

"Alan 191 to you lazy bums, get me some covering fire!" The massive Spartan yelled over the radio as brutes converged on their position.

"Leave the Traitors to me Demon." The Elite spat in anger to the Spartan.

"I'm not happy about this either, split lip!" The Spartan retaliated. He then activated one of his dual energy swords he had acquired and began slashing the incoming brutes to pieces with it.

"YOU! How dare you wield the blade! It is only used by those Skilled enough to utilize it! And you are unworthy of such an honor." The elite angrily yelled before skillfully snapping a Brute's neck.

\_Jeez, this guy is worse than R'tas, at least he somewhat concealed his anger.\_ "I am superior to your kind in combat! I think that proves I am more than capable of wielding your damn Holy Blade!" Alan spat, clearly enraged. His attacks on the Brutes became more and more brutal until the elite backed away and Alan was tearing apart the brutes by himself.

He disemboweled one with the sword and then proceeded to rip its head off with his free hand. He then ran up to another and crushed its skull. He then ripped off the arms of another and proceeded to drive the sword down its throat. Then he sliced another in half before running at the Chieftain yelling in anger. "AAAAAHHHH!" He dodged the first swing and then sliced its arm off and ripped out its throat. He revealed as the blood sprayed out and covered his armor. \_ Blood is soâ€|. Wondrousâ€|.\_ He thought to himself.

"Hey split lip! What's your damn name?" He asked in an angry tone to the elite.

"It is Chui 'Celdumee and you would do well to remember it, Demon." The elite said in an arrogant tone.

"Chui, eh, sounds like Chewbacca, from Star Wars." Alan said as a joke. The others laughed while the elite simmered.

"You dare insult my family's honor?" was the elite's response. He tensed up, as if preparing for a fight.

"I don't give a damn about your family honor. What I do care about is that you don't hurt any more of my men. You hurt them, and I do to you what I did to those brutes. Got it?" Alan said, threateningly.

"I understand, Demon." Was the elite's measured arrogant reply.



"Good, now lets get out of here." Alan said to everyone. He took one last glance up towards the sky. \_ Sorry guys, guess I won't be back for awhileâ€|and fuck, now I have to explain what happened with Flynn to Chris..\_

**\*\*Ooohhh, who is he referring to? Speak your suggestions in the reviews and I will decide who he is apologizing to in the next chapter as a flashback. Also, many many thanks to Bler for his excellent suggestions of what to do with the story\*\*\*\*.\*\***

**\*\*Alright, so what did you guys think?\*\***

**\*\*Come on, you know you want to click those little blue words.\*\***

**\*\*Go ahead. Do it.\*\***

## 5. AN 1

**\*\*Author's Note\*\***

**\*\* I'm currently running a poll on my profile for those who wish to help decide who exactly Alan is apologizing to. Also, I would like some story ideas because its always nice to know what you guys would like. Also, school is becoming slightly more clustered as I'm having several exams relatively soon and in quick succession, so my updates will probably wait until this weekend. Also, again I must thank Bler for his outstanding advice. You helped me out so much more than you could ever imagine bro. Thanks . Also, thanks to everyone else for the reviews and to all of you for reading my little story in the midst of all these giants.\*\***

## 6. Chapter 5: Battle Bonds and Bravery

**\*\*Guys! I remembered something and fixed it in this chapter: the Elites all changed their names from having 'ee at the end to just being their normal names, like Vadam or Vadum. And without further ado, THE STORY! :p\*\***

The Spartan, The Marine, and The Elite

Battle Bonds and Bravery (or Stupidity)

As Alan and the others trekked through the jungle, he thought about Flynn and his undeserved death. \_He didn't deserve to die like that...He shoulda been able to live through the war, find a nice girl, settle down, and have lots of kids and die a happy man..Not, this. \_This made him very angry, but he had to remember to calm himself. He failed in that. He glanced over at the elite, and he let out an animalistic growl involuntarily. This caused the elite to look at him and do the same. In an instant, before Chris and the others could stop them, the two warriors charged at each other.

The Spartan and the Elite both activated their energy swords and began to duel. Each slash was perfectly timed, and each block, dodge, or parry was as perfectly timed as well. The two warriors seemed to be living in their own time as they moved faster than any normal creature and each blow visibly shook the air. The other marines

stared in awe as the two warriors continued their beautiful, yet dangerous dance. Chris simply held in his anger due to Alan being so stupid and provoking an elite into a fight. He sighed.

"Could you two stop fight-" Chris was cut off by the sound of a phantom flying overhead and firing at the group. It began raining down plasma cannon fire as well as dropping a whole pack of brutes and a bunch of grunts as well as two hunters. "Everyone! Fall Back! NOW!" Chris ordered. The others simply nodded and ran, while the Spartan and the Elite reluctantly ended their duel. Both warriors growled at the incoming reinforcements and quickly dashed off back into the jungle, while firing a few killing shots to the brutes and grunts, with Chui following Chris as he found the human to be more comfortable to interact with and Alan heading off with the other marines.

As the two groups made their way into the jungle, they grew somewhat apart to the point where they did not have visual confirmation of each other. This would prove to be a major disadvantage. Chris did not like this situation at all.

"Dammit! Now we'll never link up with the Chief." He exclaimed, full of frustration.

"I must agree that I do not like this turn of events either." Chui responded. He then proceeded to recite an ancient war poem he had learnt.

>While Chui recited his poem, Chris sensed something was out of place. Suddenly, a brute charged out of the bushes at Chui. Chris didn't consider his decision, he simply pulled out a titanium sword he had forged and charged at the brute. He swung at it and the brute dodged and retaliated by swinging the blade of the brute shot dangerously close to Chris's head. Chris dodged, and retaliated by thrusting the sword into a chink in the brute's armor near its neck. The beast made strange gurgling noises before falling backwards; hitting the ground and its blood began to pool around it.<p>

Chris began to attempt to pry the sword from the brute, only to find himself unable to. Before he could try again, Chui wordlessly pulled the sword from the corpse and handed it to Chris.

"You protected me, even though your honor did not demand it, but you did. If the beast would have attacked me, I would have been off guard and most likely have fallen. So I owe you my life, and am forever indebted. You now have my services and I shall consider you a battle brother now, for you have proven to be an honorable warrior." Chui said without the slightest hint of arrogance.

Chris was rather awestruck by the warrior's statement.

"Well, you are welcome, it is what I would do for any ally, be it human or not." Chris simply said. He could not think of anything else that would sound acceptable or professional. Chui simply nodded in understanding and continued to walk. Chris decided to follow him.

\_Meanwhileâ€¦|..\_

Alan and the other marines had been traveling through the forest as well and along the way something troubled him. He couldn't hear Chris

and Chui's movement. He decided to hail them on the COMs.

"Chui, Chris, do you copy?"

"We're here, about a half a click to your left." Chris responded. Alan was rather relieved the distance was not as great as he had thought it was.

"Let's link up by that big tree about a click north of here."

"Alright, see you there bro."

Alan continued to head up towards the tree when he felt an odd sensation. He soon realized it was his body healing. He didn't think he had been hurt in the last firefight or two, but when he looked at his chest he noticed that there was a fragment of a spiker round in his chest. He pulled it out and marveled as the wound healed instantly. He then had a depressing thought. \_I will never be able to settle down with a beautiful woman and live a wonderful life, grow old, and die. My regeneration rate is too quick.. I'll never dieâ€¦ I'll be forced toâ€¦endure for all timeâ€¦\_ Alan shuddered at the thought of seeing Chris on his death bed, slowly wasting away while he still looked 28. \_Wellâ€¦we have a long way to go until that day comesâ€¦\_ He conceded to himself. He then proceeded to focus on linking up with his buddy. As he reached the tree and saw his friend approaching with Chui alongside him and the two seeming to have a very animated conversation, he realized that something had happened to cause Chris to trust the elite. He smiled somewhat at the thought and was surprisingly happy both were ok. Then his heart sank as he saw a Brute pack complete with a Chieftain. He realized with utmost horror that the beast was charging at the duo without them realizing.

He had no choice none of his allies were going to die now.

"HEY YOU UGLY MOTHERFUCKER! OVER HERE!" he yelled as he leaped at the brute.

He earned a smash with the grav hammer from that. The other marines were clearly hysterical that their leader was presumably dead, and Chui and Chris were awestruck by Alan's bravery, Chris especially wasn't very surprised due to him knowing about Alan's regenerative capability.. They soon realized they would also probably suffer the same fate, but something surprised them. Alan had gotten back up and had his energy swords out.

"I'm not done with you yet!" He yelled. He then ran at the Brute and began to duel it while Chui decided to help, seeing as he owed the Spartan his life and his trust.

The other marines set about shooting at and killing the other brutes in the pack while Alan and Chui proceeded to whittle down the Chieftain's defenses. Alan quickly slashed the brute across the back, sliced off an arm, and then deactivated one of his swords and forced the severed arm down the Brute's throat, and then he decapitated it with his other sword. He then looked over to Chui. He was about to speak when he was interrupted by the elite.

"Spartan, I wasâ€¦wrong to judge youâ€¦ you \_are \_worthy to wield the

blade as well as become another battle brother of mine, as your friend Chris has, like with him, I also owe you my life and you may call on me to help you whenever the need arises for as long as we each live." He stopped speaking with a simple nod.

"It's an honor, Chui Celdum." Was all Alan could manage to say. He was genuinely surprised by the elite's suddenly friendly nature towards him. \_ Ah, I can just see we're all going to get along great and then kill each otherâ€|hey! Stop being so negative man, he's not as much of a jerk now, so be happy...Fineâ€|I willâ€|\_

Now that Alan had ended his mental argument, he realized that their group was substantially behind at least 2 days in their mission. He soon began to worry about the consequences of their apparent failure and the fact that he hadn't heard from any other friendly units.

"I don't like the way things are going. I'm gonna call in an evac at first light, none of you besides Chui can see in the dark so its better if we just head out then seeing as we're miles away from our objective and this place is swarming with Covies, and we don't have the manpower or the resources to fight our way through." He said.

"Alan, you sure?" Chris asked.

"I'm sure."

The group slowly began preparing fro the night, with Chui, Alan, and Chris walking alongside each other for the first time.

\*\*That was a longer oneâ€|.\*\*

\*\*Alright, so what did you guys think?\*\*

\*\*Come on, you know you want to click those little blue words.\*\*

\*\*Go ahead. Do it.\*\*

End  
file.